the prestige of my office, as a representative not of the government but of the All-Russian Executive Committee.

My new work continued to be harder for Emma than for me. I was on call day and night. Emma worked in the educational service of the army, lecturing at the Soldiers' Club, and also handled my appointments and kept in touch with the Iskosol during my trips to the regiments. The members of the Iskosol were surprised to discover that she was second to none of them in facing a difficult and dangerous situation, and she gained not only the respect but also the warm affection of these gallant soldiers. Out of regard for her, they were inclined to spare me some trips to the trenches. I found the new work to my liking, but at the same time I felt a little awkward at being the only civilian among military people. To bridge the gap, I devoured textbooks on tactics, logistics, and military history whenever time permitted, but reading could not compensate completely for my lack of basic military training.

Once this lack put me in an embarrassing position. Unrest broke out in a regiment in a remote section of the front. Kharash and I drove to division headquarters. There we learned that all the bridges on the road to the regiment had been bombed out. The division commander and his staff were ready to go further on horseback and horses were brought for us. Since I could not bring myself to confess I had never been on a horse, I carefully watched the officers mount. Start standing at the left of the horse, left hand on the pommel . . . then put left foot in the stirrup . . . a jerk, a jump. . . . As simple as that!

I approached my horse, held by an orderly, tried the trick, and, to my surprise, found myself in the saddle. Then I concentrated on watching how Kharash held the reins and managed the horse. The road was bad. We galloped across open places, trotted on forest roads, moved slowly across swamps. I rode my horse alongside Kharash's and asked, "How is my riding?"

"Nothing special," he replied. "Routine."

"I am glad it is no worse. This is my first trip on horseback."

He thought I was joking (we often joked in the Iskosol). After an hour I began to feel an excruciating pain in my back. But I had to go on for another hour. Then came the worst ordeal—dismounting—and after that, limping and exhausted, I had to face the officers and men!

The trouble in the regiment was easily settled. There was friction in the outfit and some trench Bolsheviks had threatened to get even with the officers, but there had been no open disobedience or violence. After a thorough investigation of the officers' complaints, a meeting of the regiment was called in which the officers reassured the soldiers of their loyalty to the revolution and the soldiers pledged to obey